

The Hunting of the Hare; With her last Will and Testament.

As 'twas performed on Bamstead Downes,
By Conny Catchers, and their Hounds.

To a pleasant new Tune.

O Fall delights that earth doth yield
Give me a pack of Hounds in field
Whose echo shall throughout the sky,
Make Love admire our Harmony,
and wish that he a Portal were,
to view the Pastime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare Scent,
Where many a gallant horse was spent
On Bamstead Downes a Hare we found,
Which lead us all a smoking round.
o're Hedge and Ditch away she goes,
admitting her approaching foes.

(wail,
But when she found her strength to
She party'd with the Hounds at last:
Bind Hounds (quoth she) so; bear to kill
A harmless Hare, that never thought ill;
and if your Master sport do crave,
I'll lead a Scent as he would have.

Hunts-war.

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make hast I say, and get thy gone;
We'll give the Law for half a mile,
To see if thou canst us beguile:
but then expect a thundering cry,
made by us, and our harmony.

Hare.

Now since you set my life so slight,
I'll make Black-Deben turn to white,
And Yorkshire Gray, that runs at all,
I'll make him wish he were in Hell:
and Hoxel, he that tempts to fly,
I'll make him supple ere he dye.

Let Barnards Way do what he may,
By Barrons Way, that now and than,
Did interrupt me on my Way,

I'll make him neither set nor play
or constant Robin, though he lye
at his advantage, what care I.

Will, Hutton he hath done me wrong,
He struck me as I run along,
And with one pat made so sore,
That I ran reeling too and fro;
but if I dye his Master tell
that fool shall ring my passing-bell,
Hounds.

Alas, poor Hare! it is our nature
To kill thee, and no other creature,
For our Master wants a bit,
And thou wilt well become the spit;
h'll eat thy flesh, we'll pick thy bone,
this is thy doom so get the gone.

Hare.

Your Master may have better shear,
For I am dry and butter's dear:
But if he please to make a fiend,
He's better give a Paddings-end;
for I being kil'd, he sport will lack,
& I must hang on Hunts-man back.
Hounds.

Alas poor Hare! we pity thee,
If without nature 't would agree;
But all thy dubling shifts I fear,
Will not prevail, thy death's so near
then make thy will, it may be that
may save thee, or I know not what!

Hare.

When I bequeath my body free,
Unto your Masters court esse:
And if he please my life to grant,
I'll be his game when sport is feant;
but if I dye, each greedy hound
divided my entrals on the ground.

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I Mprimis, I bequeath my head
To him that a fair fool doth wed:
who hath before her maidenhead lost
I would not have the W^reb^re^ver crost,
wich I'be hard mongst many giblets.
set the Hares head 'gainst the Gose
(giblets.

Item, I do give and bequeath
To Men in debt (after my death)
My subtle scent, that so they may
Beware of such an wold betray
them to a miserable fate,
by Blood-hounds from the Comp-
(ter-gate,

Item, I to a Tirm-coate give
(That he may moze obscenely like)
My swift & sudden doaklings, which
Will make him politick and rich
thought at the last with many wound:
I wish him kill'd by his oⁿ hounds.

Item, I give into their hands, (lands,
That purchase Dean and Chapters
My wretched sealousies and fears,
Mirt with the salt of Ophans tears
that long veriations may presever,
to plague them and their Heirs for
(ever.

Before I dye (for life is scant)
I would supply Pens p^roper want,
And therefore I bequeath unto
The scriv'ner (give the devil his due)
that Sogeth, Swears, & then Soz-
(swears,
(to save his credit), both my ears.

I gine to some hequestered man,
My skin to make a Jacter on:
And I bequeath my f^ret to they
That shottly mean to run away:
(dumb,
when Truth's speake, falsehood's
Fore must fly, when Lyons come.

To Fidlers (for all trads mest like)
To serbe for strings, my guts I gibe
For Gamsters that do play at rat,
And love the sport, I gibe my sknt
but last of all (in this sad dump)
to Tower-hill I bequeath my Rump
Hounds.

Was ever Hounds so basely crost,
Our Masters call us off so fast,
That we the scent have almost lost,
And they than must rule the rost,
therfore kind Hare we'l pardon
Hare. (you,
Thanks gentle Hounds, & so adieu.

And since your Master hath pardon'd
I'le lead you all to Banbury, (me
Where John Turner hath a large room
To entertain all Guests that come,
to iauge & quass in Wine & Beer,
a full Careuse to your Calle e.

F I N I S.

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